

# Torchy

SEPTEMBER

No. 6

QUALITY  
DODD  
PUBLICATION

10c



A book full  
of rollicking tales  
*Starring*  
**AMERICA'S  
BLONDE  
BOMBSHELL!**



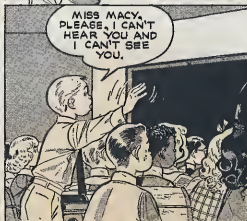


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

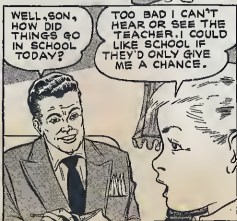




# Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY,  
PLEASE, I CAN'T  
HEAR YOU AND  
I CAN'T SEE  
YOU.

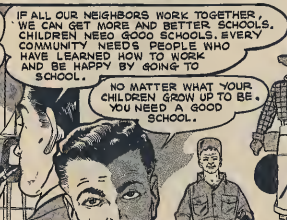


WELL, SON,  
HOW DID  
THINGS GO  
IN SCHOOL  
TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T  
HEAR OR SEE THE  
TEACHER. I COULD  
LIKE SCHOOL IF  
THEY'D ONLY GIVE  
ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO, DAD?  
ALL THE CHILDREN  
SAY THE SCHOOL  
IS CROWDED. THEY  
GO ONLY HALF A  
DAY.



IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER,  
WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS.  
CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY  
COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO  
HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK  
AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO  
SCHOOL.

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR  
CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE,  
YOU NEED A GOOD  
SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND  
VOTE, YOU WILL NEED  
AN EDUCATION.



JERRY  
TASANO



TELL YOUR MOTHER AND  
FATHER THEY CAN LEARN  
HOW OTHERS WON BETTER  
SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO -  
"NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION  
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
2 WEST 46TH STREET  
NEW YORK 18 NEW YORK"

# TORCHY

OOOON, I SMELL  
SOMETHING  
BURNING!

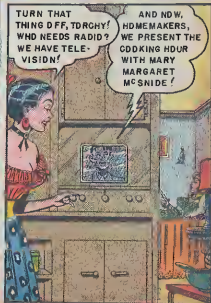
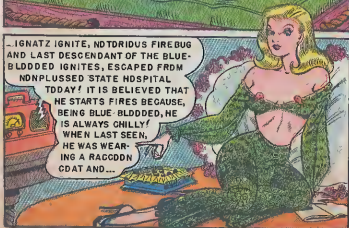
DON'T LOOK NOW,  
LADY, BUT IT'S  
ME!

TESS PARKER AND ED TRACY  
DISCOVER THAT TORCHY TODO, THE  
INCENDIARY BLONDE, CAN INADVERT-  
ENTLY CAUSE MORE TROUBLE THAN  
A FIVE ALARM BLAZE! READ ON AND  
YOU WILL SEE THAT WHERE THERE'S  
TORCHY, THERE'S SMOKE AND  
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S  
FIRE!

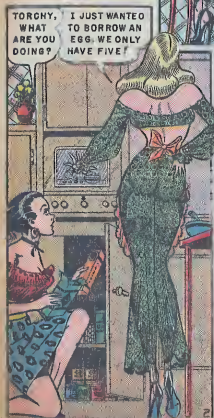
TURN THAT  
THING OFF, TORCHY!  
WHO NEEDS RADIO?  
WE HAVE TELE-  
VISION!

AND NOW,  
HOMEMAKERS,  
WE PRESENT THE  
COOKING HOUR  
WITH MARY  
MARGARET  
MC SNIDE!

IGNATZ IGNITE, NOTORIOUS FIREBUG  
AND LAST DESCENDANT OF THE BLUE-  
BLOODED IGNITES, ESCAPED FROM  
NONPLUSSED STATE HOSPITAL  
TODAY! IT IS BELIEVED THAT  
HE STARTS FIRES BECAUSE,  
BEING BLUE-BLOODED, HE  
IS ALWAYS CHILLY!  
WHEN LAST SEEN,  
HE WAS WEAR-  
ING A RAGGEDY  
COAT AND...



# TORCHY



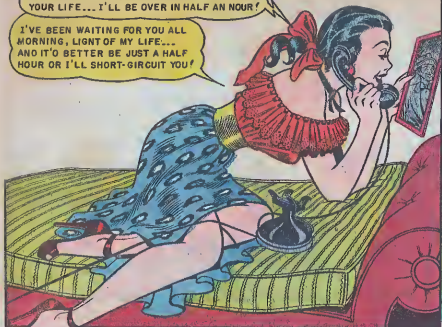
TORCHY

HELLO, TESS OLD GIRL, THIS IS THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE... I'LL BE OVER IN HALF AN HOUR!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ALL MORNING, LIGHT OF MY LIFE... AND IT'D BETTER BE JUST A HALF HOUR OR I'LL SHORT-CIRCUIT YOU!

AW GEE, TESS! I'LL ONLY BE TWO HOURS LATE... THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO BLOW YOUR FUSE!

ALL RIGHT, EO, ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN IF YOU REMEMBER TO PICK UP A QUART OF TURPENTINE ON YOUR WAY HERE! I WANT TO RE-PAINT A BOOK-CASE!

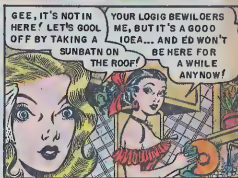


I GUARANTEE, LITTLE NOMEMAKERS, THIS WILL BE THE BEST BANG-UP CAKE YOU'VE EVER BAKED!

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF!

GEE, IT'S NOT IN HERE! LET'S GOOL OFF BY TAKING A SUNBATN ON THE ROOF!

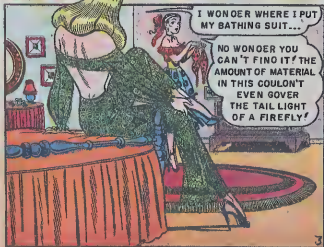
YOUR LOGIC BEWILDOERS ME, BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA... AND ED WON'T BE HERE FOR A WHILE ANYHOW!



I WONDER WHERE I PUT MY BATHING SUIT...

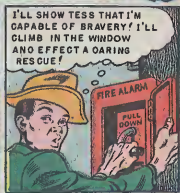
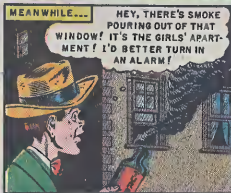
NO WONDER YOU CAN'T FIND IT! THE AMOUNT OF MATERIAL IN THIS COULDN'T EVEN COVER THE TAIL LIGHT OF A FIREFLY!

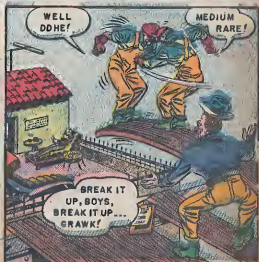
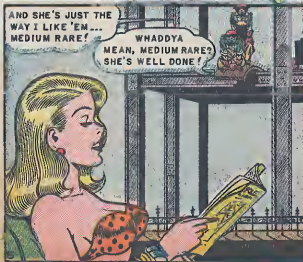
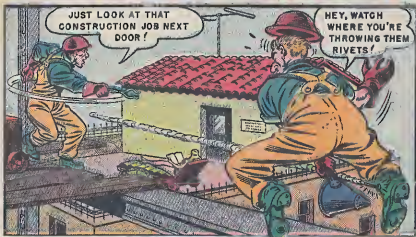
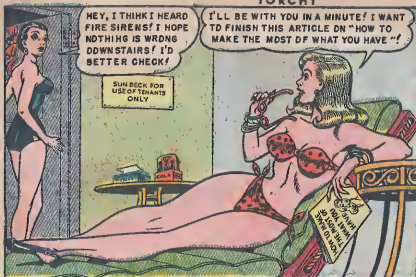
EVER SINCE I HAD MY GLASSES CHANGED, THINGS LOOK SO MUCH BETTER!





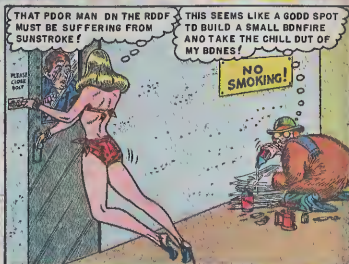
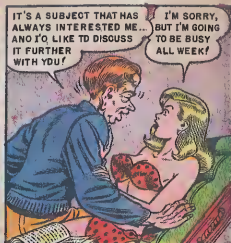
TORCHY



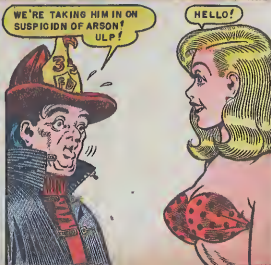




# TORCHY



MEANWHILE IN THE GIRLS' APARTMENT...



# TORCHY

UH-OH! SO THAT'S WHAT I KNEW! IT WAS... AND THEY WERE ALL NOT READY TO RUN ED IN, THINKING HE WAS A ZANY FIREBUG ON THE TUNE IN THAT LOOSE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! CAKE!



EO WOULD NEVER SET A FIRE? BUT YOU COULD, AND YOU DON'T NEED MATCHES!



WHY, -- THANK YOU! YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS!



MY NAME IS MEALS MONAHAN, AND I'LL BE GLAD TO PUT A FIRE OUT FOR YOU ANY-TIME, HONEY!

PERKHOOF! GEE, ALL I WAS TRYING TO DO WAS TO RESCUE YOU, TESS!



AND YOU NEARLY EXTINGUISHED YOURSELF IN THE PROCESS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR TORCHY, YOU'D BE IN THE COOLER RIGHT NOW!

BRRR! I'M FREEZING! THIS OLD RACCOON GOAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I'M JUST GOING TO GET MY MAGAZINE! I DIDN'T FINISH THE ARTICLE I WAS READING!



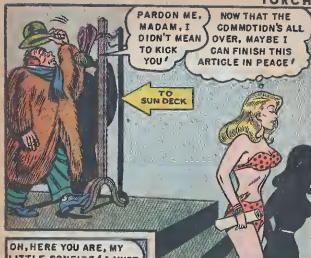
NOW I'LL COMBINE THESE LOVELY INGREDIENTS AND... I SAY, I DON'T FEEL CHILLY ANYMORE!



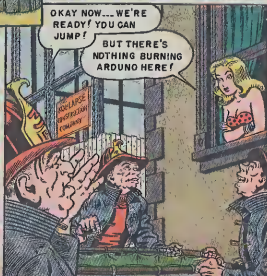
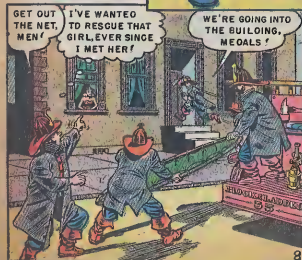
I MUST FOLLOW HER! SHE'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN A FIVE ALARM FIRE!







OH, HERE YOU ARE, MY LITTLE BONFIRE! I MUST TELL YOU HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU! YOUR HAIR IS LIKE BURNING GOLD... YOUR EYES LIKE TWO NEWLY-STRUCK MATCHES!





THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

WELL, HERE GOES!



THIS MUST BE IGNATZ IGNITE, HE'S WEARING A RACCOON COAT! C'MON, BUD!

EO, DID YOU MEET ANY BLACK CATS OR BREAK ANY MIRRORS TODAY?



HERE'S THE PRESENT I PROMISED YOU, MY LITTLE FIREBIRD!

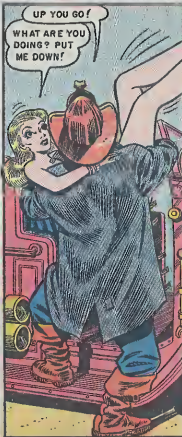
THANK YOU, BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! IGNATZ IGNITE WALKING RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS!

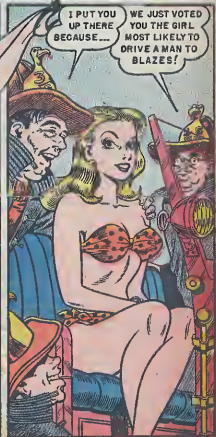


HEY, MEDALS, THERE AIN'T NO FIRE, BUT WE CAPTURED IGNATZ!

ED, YOU SHOULDN'T BE WALKING AROUND WITH THAT COLD OF YOURS! THANKS TO THE LITTLE LADY RIGHT HERE!



UP YOU GO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT ME DOWN!

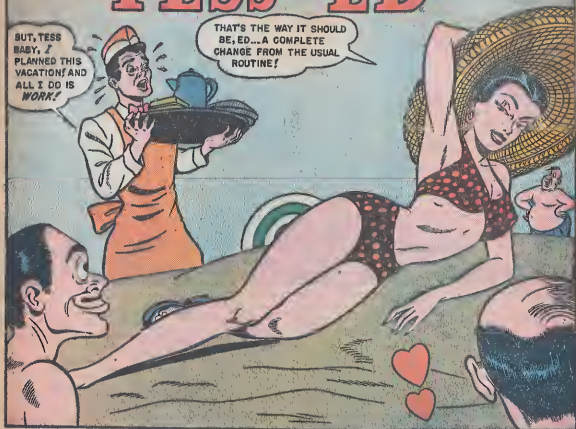


I PUT YOU UP THERE BECAUSE...

WE JUST VOTED YOU THE GIRL MOST LIKELY TO DRIVE A MAN TO BLAZES!



# TESS and ED



BUT, TESS  
BABY, I  
PLANNED THIS  
VACATION! AND  
ALL I DO IS  
WORK!

THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD  
BE, ED... A COMPLETE  
CHANGE FROM THE USUAL  
ROUTINE!

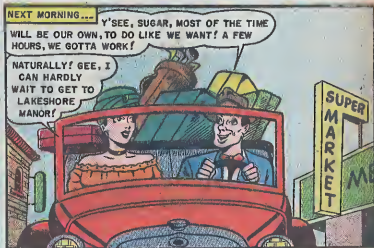
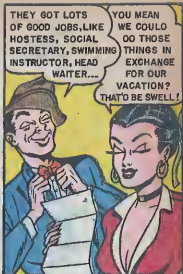
CHICKEN, HOW'D YOU  
LIKE TO GO ON A  
VACATION?

HOW? ON A LUXURY  
LINER, IF YOU CAN FIGURE  
A WAY TO DO IT FOR  
FIVE DOLLARS!

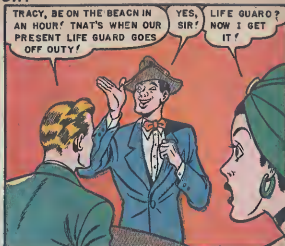
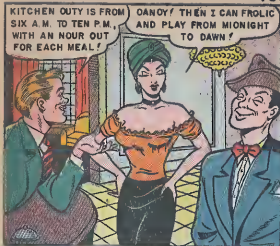
NOW, I MEAN SPEND  
TWO WEEKS AT SWANKY  
LAKESHORE MANOR!  
BATHING, BOATING,  
FISHING, DANCING...

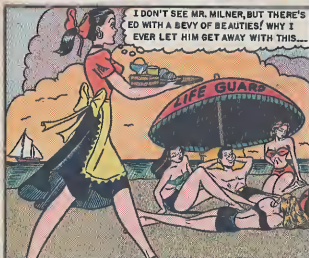
I COULDN'T SPEND TWO  
DAYS AT CONEY ISLAND, AND  
YOU KNOW IT! YOU'VE  
BORROWED ALL MY  
MONEY!

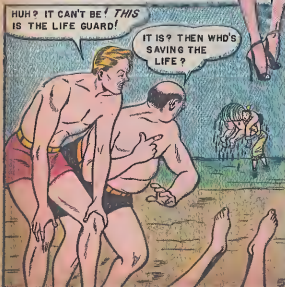
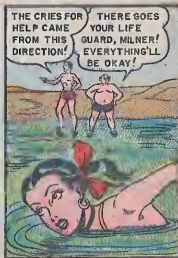
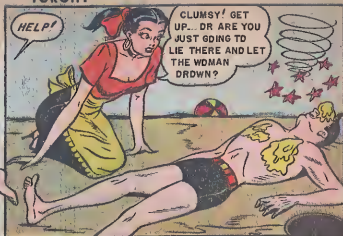




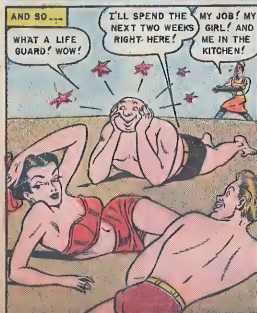
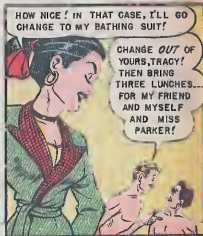
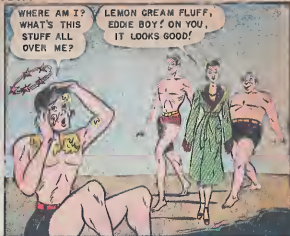
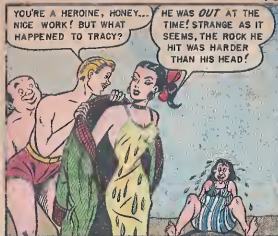












TORCHY

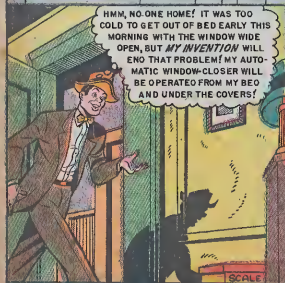
# TORCHY

OH I COULDN'T EAT THAT! IT'S TOO FATTENING  
AND I HAVE TO WATCH MY FIGURE!

YOU EAT IT! AND  
I'LL WATCH YOUR  
FIGURE!

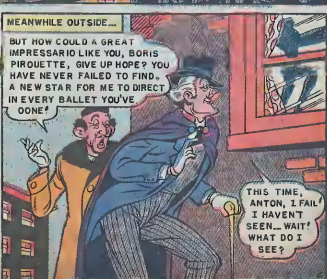
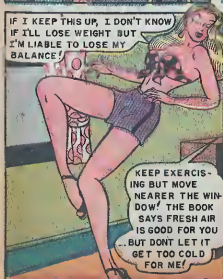
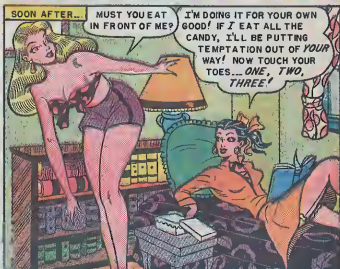
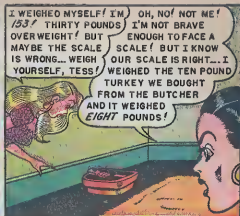
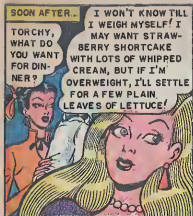


HMM, NO-ONE HOME! IT WAS TOO  
COLD TO GET OUT OF BED EARLY THIS  
MORNING WITH THE WINDOW WIDE  
OPEN, BUT MY INVENTION WILL  
END THAT PROBLEM! MY AUTO-  
MATIC WINDOW-CLOSER WILL  
BE OPERATED FROM MY BED  
AND UNDER THE COVERS!



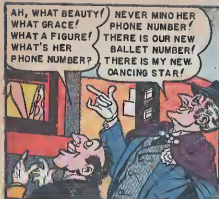
BUT I NEED A STRONG SPRING!  
I'LL JUST BORROW THE SPRING FROM  
THE GIRLS' SCALE! WOMEN  
NEVER REALLY LOOK  
AT THEIR WEIGHT  
WHEN THEY STAND  
ON IT ANYWAY!



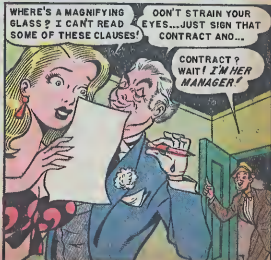
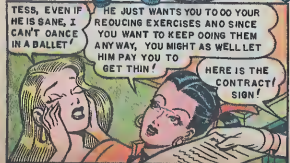
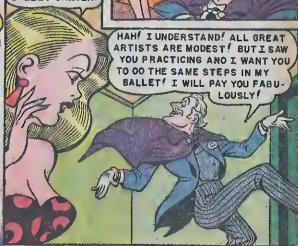




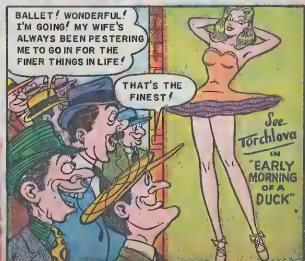
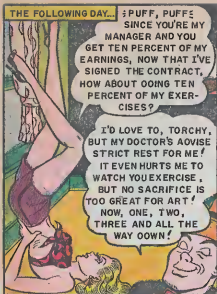
TORCHY



BUT I'M NO  
BALLET DANCER!



# TORCHY



**TORCHY**





TORCHY



SOON AFTER...  
IS YOUR  
"DANCING"  
IMPROVING?

I DON'T KNOW  
BUT I WONDER  
IF I'VE LOST ANY  
WEIGHT AFTER  
ALL THIS  
EXERCISE?



YIPE! IIT!  
I'VE LOST  
THIRTY-  
SIX  
POUNDS!

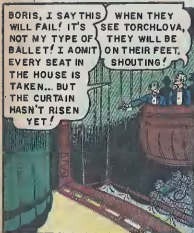
WHAT HAPPENED?



IT'S FROM MY BALLET DANCING!  
TESS, I'M TOO THIN! I'LL HAVE  
TO GIVE UP BALLET! I CAN'T  
PERFORM TO-NIGHT...ALREADY  
I'M TOO LIGHT ON MY FEET!

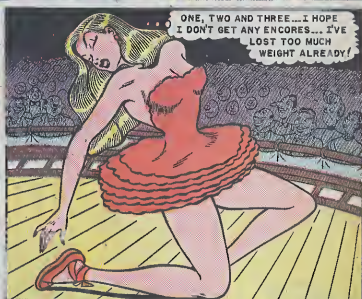
TORCHY, YOU CAN'T QUIT!  
REMEMBER, *THE SHOW MUST  
GO ON!*

CURTAIN TIME THAT NIGHT...

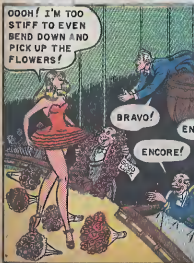


BORIS, I SAY THIS  
WILL FAIL! IT'S  
NOT MY TYPE OF  
BALLET! I ADMIT  
EVERY SEAT IN  
THE HOUSE IS  
TAKEN... BUT  
THE CURTAIN  
HASN'T RISEN  
YET!

WHEN THEY  
SEE TORCHLOVA,  
THEY WILL BE  
ON THEIR FEET,  
SHOUTING!



ONE, TWO AND THREE...I HOPE  
I DON'T GET ANY ENCORES... I'VE  
LOST TOO MUCH  
WEIGHT ALREADY!



OOOH! I'M TOO  
STIFF! I'M TOO  
BEND DOWN AND  
PICK UP THE  
FLOWERS!

BRAVO!

ENCORE!

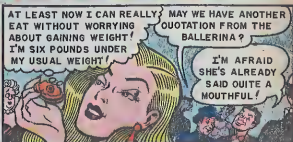
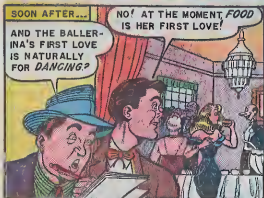
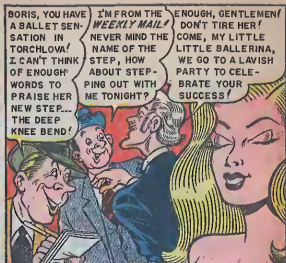
ENCORE!

ENCORE!



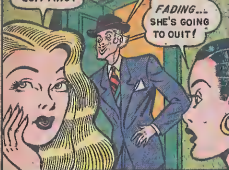
HAH! ADMIT THEN THAT  
I, BORIS, WAS RIGHT!

WHAT IF THE PUBLIC LIKES  
HER? THAT'S A BAD SIGN!  
WHAT THE PUBLIC LIKES  
THE CRITICS NEVER LIKE!  
TO THE DRESSING ROOM  
AND LET'S HEAR WHAT  
THE CRITICS HAVE TO  
SAY!



# TORCHY

IT'S FROM THE BALLET!  
I GAIN AND LOSE WEIGHT  
TOO QUICKLY! I'M  
QUITTING!



GOOD MORNING!  
HOW IS OUR LITTLE  
STAR TODAY?

FADING...  
SHE'S GOING  
TO QUIT!

RESIGNING?  
THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
MY FUTURE'S  
AT STAKE!



MY WEIGHT'S  
AT STAKE!  
I'M NOT  
DANCING  
ANYMORE!

TORCHY, I'VE GOT IT ALL SET  
FOR YOU! I'LL NEVER HAVE TO  
WORK ANOTHER DAY OF MY  
LIFE...YOU'RE BOOKED TO  
OANCE NIGHTLY AT A NIGHT  
CLUB!



I HAVE NEWS FOR  
YOU...YOU'LL HAVE  
TO WORK! TORCHY  
ISN'T DANCING  
ANY MORE! HER  
WEIGHT CHANGES  
TOO MUCH FROM  
IT!

YOUR WEIGHT CHANGES?  
HOLD ON! THAT'S NOT  
BECAUSE OF DANCING!  
THAT'S BECAUSE I  
TOOK THE SPRING  
FROM YOUR SCALE  
FOR MY INVENTION!

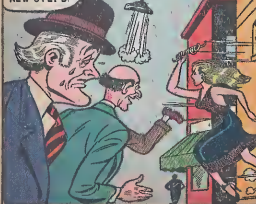


WHAT? THEN I'VE  
BEEN KILLING MYSELF  
FOR NOTHING! ED,  
LET ME HAVE THAT  
SPRING!

BUT TORCHY, STOP!  
I WAS ONLY TRYING  
TO FINISH AN  
INVENTION!



OUTSIDE... AH, WHAT A  
GREAT  
BALLERINA WE LOST  
WHEN TORCHLOVA  
LEFT US! NOW  
EVEN YOU ADMIT  
SHE HAD A  
GENIUS FOR  
DISCOVERING  
NEW STEPS!



LOOK! SHE IS STILL  
IMPROVISING! WHAT  
GRACE! WHAT  
FORM!

SAY, THAT FELLOW  
LEAPS AND DODGES  
LIKE A DANCER TOO!



YES, HE  
CERTAINLY  
HAS  
SPRING!



# Scarlet Stops THE Show

"O KAY," called Mr. Abercrombie. "Be back on the set in twenty minutes in time for the show!" There were a scuffling of feet and a confusion of voices as Mr. Abercrombie lit his expensive cigar and leaned back comfortably in his cushioned chair. He felt good—in fact, he felt great, and he'd feel even better than that if he sold the *Sniff Snuff Company* his new dramatic television show. He blew a round, thick ring into the air when "Yes Man" Malone dashed into the office.

"B. A.," he announced nervously. "We need someone to replace the maid. She's walked out!"

"Drat these temperamental extras," he growled. "Get someone quick. The show goes on in a matter of minutes, and I won't have my one big chance ruined."

"But who?" asked his assistant, rubbing his hands together anxiously. "It's hard to get someone this late for just one line."

"How do I know?" screamed the excitable Abercrombie. "Go out on the street! Pick the first girl you meet! I don't care who she is! Just be sure you have someone to play that part!"

"Yes Man" Malone hurried out of the office with the assignment and ran toward the exit. The first girl he meets, that's what the boss had said, and that's exactly what he'd get—but what a girl! Luscious red curls, big, grey, soulful eyes and a figure made-to-order. Scarlet O'Tool, the Look, the Shape, the Oomph—all rolled into one!

"You," he said weakly. "Come with me." And with a firm grip on Scarlet's arm, he ushered her inside the studio.

"Is this for a quiz show?" Scarlet asked in a low, sultry tone. "If it is, I'm not very bright!"

"Bright, honey," he cried. "You're positively dazzling!"

Scarlet had never been inside a television studio before, and she was fascinated by the hustle of the cameramen, electricians, and set crew. She was so wrapped up in the sights that she automatically followed "Yes Man" Malone into a small dressing room where he handed her a maid's uniform.

"What's this for?" she finally asked.

"No time for questions now. I'll wait outside while you get into this little number. Remember,

all you have to learn to say is: 'Dinner is served.' Don't forget." And with that he slammed the door.

"Everything set?" asked Abercrombie as he passed in front of the dressing room. "We only have a few more minutes, you know."

"Oh, yes," breathed the faithful assistant, happily wiping away the perspiration. "Couldn't be better," he added thinking of the hunk of pulchritude on the other side of the door, and Abercrombie walked on smiling to himself.

The maid's costume was short and Scarlet's legs were long, and it took "Yes Man" Malone several minutes to recover.

"Dinner is served," Scarlet mimicked loyally, but the words fell on deaf ears.

Abercrombie sat down in the control room feeling self-assured of the Sniff Snuff account. His show would be the year's stroke of genius. The first scene played beautifully, and he could picture his future sponsors now sniffing their snuff contentedly while drawing up a contract. But the beginning of the second scene—something happened!

A gorgeous size twelve walked in front of the cameras. A startling redhead who only said, "Dinner is served," brought a burst of applause from every male in the studio audience. The cameramen applauded; the set crew applauded; the electricians applauded. Every male within reach of a television set applauded—all except B. A. Abercrombie who tore at the last little patch of hair on his head.

"I'm ruined!" he screamed. "That girl stopped my show! My great masterpiece of direction is ruined! Fire her! Fire 'Yes Man' Malone! Fire the whole cast!" Abercrombie sobbed bitterly as three happy faces opened the control room door.

"We represent the *Sniff Snuff Company*," said one of the smiles. "Here's your contract!"

"You mean you're still interested?" he asked unbelievably.

"As long as there's Scarlet O'Tool, sir," said the second and third smiles in unison, "we think there'll be a need for snuff!"

Mr. Abercrombie felt himself falling in the direction of the floor. Only the fleeting thought of those lovely red curls and a possible late dinner date made the fall as easy as a feather's!

TORCHY

AND ED TOLD ME NOT TO  
GET MAD, BUT KEEP CALM  
OR I'D HAVE A  
GOOD FIT!

# TORCHY

UM HMM, YOU  
CERTAINLY  
HAVE!

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE  
GOT IT, TORCHY!

GOT  
WHAT, TESS?  
GOSH, I HOPE  
IT ISN'T  
CATCHING?

MY BEAUTY SCHOOL DIPLOMA!  
I'M A GRADUATE! AND THAT'S  
NOT ALL!

THAT'S WONDER-  
FUL! BUT  
WHAT  
ELSE?

GILL FOX

# TORCHY



WISH I COULD HELP YOU OUT, TESS!

YOU CAN, HONEY! DOH YOUR SKIMMER AND COME ALONG! I NEED A MODEL TO DEMONSTRATE MY HAIR STYLES AND YOU'RE IT!

OKAY, BUT WHAT'S THE RUSH?





# TORCHY

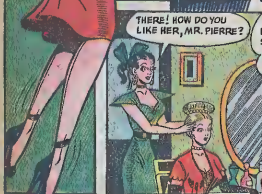


I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! YOU SEE, I HAVE MY MODEL HERE WITH ME AND ---

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE --- ULP!

BUT IF *THIS* IS YOUR MODEL, IT MAKES *EVERY* DIFFERENCE! THIS WAY, MAM'SELLE!

I JUST KNEW YOU'D TAKE IT THAT WAY, MR. PIERRE!



THERE! HOW DO YOU LIKE HER, MR. PIERRE?

AH, TORCHY IS BEAUTIFUL --- AND SO IS THE HAIR STYLE! BUT PIERRE HAS WORRIES!

WHAT? BUSINESS IS AWFUL! WHAT I NEED IS A MANAGER WITH IDEAS TO BRING IN CUSTOMERS! BUT COME AND SEE ME, TESS, AND BRING TORCHY ALONG! SHE KEEPS ME IN GOOD SPIRITS!



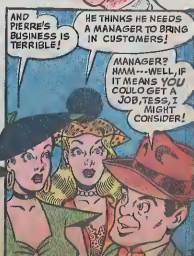
HI, TORCHY! TESS, BABY, WHERE YA BEEN? I WAS OUTTA BED AT NODN TODAY, DASHIN' OVER TO SEE YOU!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T TALL, TAN AND UNEMPLOYEO!



WHAT GIVES? YOU TWO DOLLS LOOK LIKE GLOOMER GIRLS! YUK! YUK!

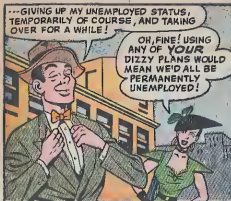
VERY FUNNY! BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT I DO NOT HAVE THE JOB I HOPEO FOR!



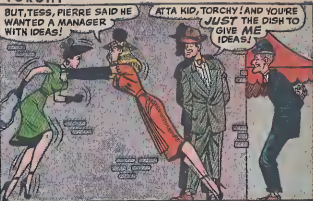
AND PIERRE'S BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE!

HE THINKS HE NEEDS A MANAGER TO BRING IN CUSTOMERS!

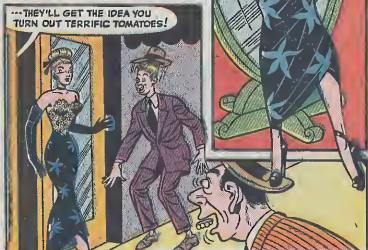
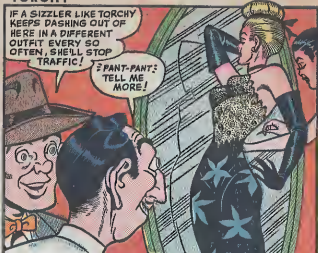
MANAGER? HAMM --- WELL, IF IT MEANS YOU COULD GET A JOB, TESS, I MIGHT CONSIDER!



# TORCHY

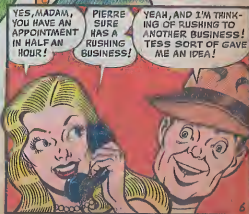
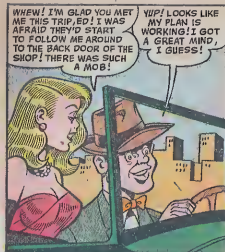


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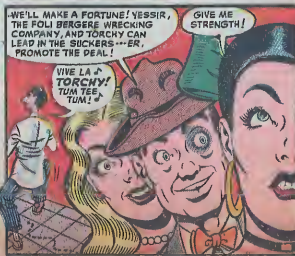
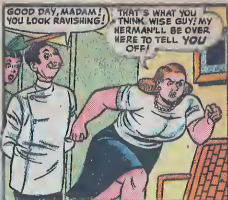




# TORCHY

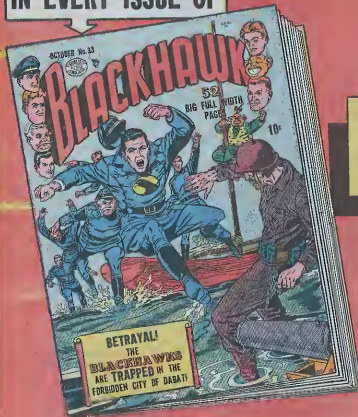


# TORCHY



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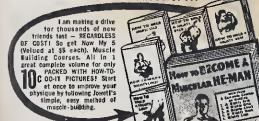
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*Charles Atlas*

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